

GREAT ROOM, KING'S THEATRE.

Mr. HARRISON's CONCERT, FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1800.

ACT I.

OVERTURE and CHORUS. (Acis and Galatea.) *Handel.*

O THE pleasures of the plains !
Happy nymphs, and happy swains,
Harmless, merry, free, and gay,
Dance and sport the hours away.

For us the zephyr blows,

For us distils the dew,

For us unfolds the rose;

And flow'rs display their hue.

For us the winters rain,

For us the summers shine ;

Spring swells for us the grain,

And Autumn bleeds the vine. *Da Capo.*

SCENE from TYRANNIC LOVE. *Purcell.*

The Solo Parts by Mrs. HARRISON, Messrs. HARRISON, GORE,
and BARTLEMAN.

Hark ! my Daridcar ! hark ! we're call'd below ;

Let us go to relieve the care

Of longing lovers in despair :

Merry we sail from the east,

Half tipp'd at the rainbow feast ;

In the bright moonshine, whilst the winds whistle loud,

Tivy, tivy, we mount, we fly, all racking along in a downy white cloud ;

And lest our leap from the sky should prove too far,

We'll slide on the back of a new falling star.

But now the sun's down, and the element's red,

The spirits of fire against us make head ;

They muster like gnats in the air :

Alas ! I must leave thee, my fair,

And to my light horsemen repair.

Oh ! stay, for you need not to fear 'em to-night ;

The wind is for us, and blows full in their sight,

And o'er the wide ocean we fight.

Like leaves in the autumn our foes will fall down,
 And hiss in the water and drown.
 But their men lie securely intrench'd in a cloud,
 And a trumpeter hornet to battle sounds loud;
 All mortals that spy
 How we tilt in the sky,
 With wonder will gaze,
 And fear such events as will ne'er come to pass.
 Stay you to perform what the fates would have done;
 Then call me again when the battle is won.

QUARTET and CHORUS.

So ready and quick is a spirit of air
 To pity the lover, and succour the fair,
 That silent and swift the little soft God
 Is here with a wish, and gone with a nod.

DUET. Miss TENNANT and Master ELLIOTT. (Samson.) *Handel.*

My faith and truth, O SAMSON, prove;
 But hear me, hear the voice of Love:
 With Love no mortal can be cloy'd,
 All happiness is Love enjoy'd.

Her faith and truth, O SAMSON, prove,
 But hear her, hear the voice of Love.

SESTETTO from the Opera of JUSTIN. *Handel.*

Madame BANTI, Mrs. HARRISON, Master ELLIOTT; Messrs. HARRISON,
 Wm. KNYVETT, and BARTLEMAN.

In braccio a te la calma,
 Del cor, del sen, del alma,
 Mia caro al fin godrò.
 In braccio a te mia vita,
 Già lieta amor m'invita,
 Chi più bel di miro?
 Mi rese il tuo valore
 M'accumolo l'onore
 Tutta { la pace al cor }
 { la gloria al cor }
 Rinasce il se col d'or



Siam lieta in questo giorno
 E sparga il suon d'intorno
 Che doppio oscuro velo
 Risplende chiaro il Cielo
 E da la pace al cor.
 Cessate le procelle
 Amiche abbiām le stelle,
 Dell' fato abbiām la palma
 Godiam felice calma
 Rinalce il se col d'or.

NEW GLEE, (MS.) for Five Voices. *R. J. Stevens.*
 Messrs. W. KNYVETT, GORE, HARRISON, LEETE, and SALE.

All my sense thy sweetness gained ;
 Thy fair hair my heart chained ;
 My poor reason thy words moved,
 So that thee, like heav'n, I loved.

Fa, la, la, leridan,
 Dan, dan, dan, deridan,
 Deridan, deridan, deridan, dèi.

Now thy sweetness sour is deemed ;
 Thy hair not worth a hair esteemed ;
 Reason hath thy words removed,
 Finding that but words they proved.

Fa, la, la, leridan, &c.

Woe to me, alas ! she weepeth !
 Fool ! in me what folly creepeth ?
 Was I to blaspheme enraged,
 Where my soul I have engaged ?

Fa, la, la, leridan, &c.

Sweetness ! sweetly pardon folly ;
 Tie me, hair, your captive wholly ;
 Words ! O words of heav'nly knowledge !
 Know, my words their faults acknowledge ;

Fa, la, la, leridan, &c.

CONCERTO HARP, Miss CANTELO.

FINALE in the Opera of *PIRRO* (MSA) Paisiello.

Madame BANTI, Mrs. HARRISON, Master ELLIOTT, Messrs. HARRISON,
Wm. KNYVETTE, and BARTLEMAN.

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| <i>Polissena.</i> | D'un infelice oppressa
Tronca gli odiati giorni,
E in mezzo a voi ritorni
La pace e l'amistà. | <i>Ulisse.</i> | L'ultimo colpo aspetto,
E palpar non fo. |
| <i>Pirro.</i> | Dun' odio ingiusto in preda
Lasciarti io non potrei,
Ah! troppo degna sei
D'anfore e di pietà. | <i>Calcan.</i> | Greci vibratevi! |
| <i>Darete.</i> | Se penso al suo destino
L'alma straziar mi sento:
Ma il mio rival contento
Non men gelar mi fa. | <i>Ulisse.</i> | O là! fermatevi! |
| <i>a 3</i> | { Abbandonata } all' ira
Per involarti }
D'un' implacabil forte. | <i>Pirro.</i> | Nell' alma stupida
L'ardin manco. |
| <i>Polissena.</i> | L'aspetto della forte
Per me terror non ha. | <i>Dar.</i> | { Confusa e stupida |
| <i>Climene.</i> | Ma in braccia della morte
Vederla il cor non fa. | <i>Cl.</i> | { L'alma restò. |
| <i>Pirro.</i> | Sfiedar l'istessa morte
Dolce per me farà. | <i>Eleno.</i> | { |
| <i>Ulisse.</i> | Finche' v'è tempo ancora,
Cedi a un miglio consiglio: | <i>Polissena.</i> | Perche una misera
Morir non può? |
| <i>Darete.</i> | Signor più canto e faggio
Ti renda il tuo periglio: | <i>Col.</i> | Parlo l'oracolo;
O Grecia ascolta! |
| <i>Pirro.</i> | Del grande Achille il figlio
I folli sensi abborre
Di timida viltà. | | O Pirro vendichi
Nel sangue Iliaco
Lo scempio barbaro
Del Genitor:
O dalle ceneri
Sorgerà Troja
Col estermínio
Del vencitor. |
| <i>Polissena.</i> | Signor sospendi— | <i>Poliss.</i> | { Ah! che non san risolvere |
| <i>Pirro.</i> | ———— e vano. | <i>Eleno.</i> | { |
| <i>Polissena.</i> | Ah no, la vostra pace
Non turbi un' infelice! | <i>Darete.</i> | { Che mai saprà risolvere |
| <i>Pirro.</i> | Di chi son io capace
La Grecia apprendereò. | <i>Clim.</i> | { |
| <i>Ulisse.</i> | Greci, che più s'aspetta?
Per la commun vendetta
Ah più non v'arrestate;
Mora colei! — | <i>Ulisse.</i> | { Ah che non so risolvere
Un improvviso fulmine |
| <i>Pirro.</i> | ———— Che ofate! | <i>Pirro.</i> | { Sù questo cor piombo |
| <i>Polissena.</i> | In sen vacilla | <i>a 4</i> | { Sul di lui cor piombo |
| <i>Climene.</i> | { In seno è incerto | <i>Pirro.</i> | { Dunque — |
| <i>Darete.</i> | { | <i>a 4</i> | { — è deciso |
| <i>Pirro.</i> | { In sen divampa | <i>Pirro.</i> | { E deggio — |
| <i>Ulisse.</i> | { | <i>a 4</i> | { — vibrare il colpo |
| <i>Eleno.</i> | In sen mi trema | <i>Poliss.</i> | { Oh Dei! |
| <i>Ulisse.</i> | All' armi! | <i>Pirro.</i> | { |
| <i>Pirro.</i> | ———— all' armi! | <i>Polissena.</i> | In sì fatal cimento
Tremar io non mi sento,
Ne langue in petto il cor. |
| <i>Polissena.</i> | Cessind signori gli sdegnè
E imergimi
Il nudo acciaio in petto: | <i>Darete.</i> | { In sì fatal cimento |
| | | <i>Eleno.</i> | { Per lei tremar mi sento,
E langue in petto il cor. |
| | | <i>Climene.</i> | { In sì fatal cimento |
| | | <i>Ulisse.</i> | { Smania per mio contento,
E cede il suo furor. |
| | | <i>Pirro.</i> | { Ah! nel fatal cimento
Inorridir mi sento
E cede il mio valor. |

CANZONETTA. (MS.) Mr. HARRISON. *Handel.*

Accompanied on the Violoncello by Mr. GRIESBACH.

Solitario bosco ombroso,
A te vien' afflito cor,
Per trovar qualche riposo
Nel silenzio e nel orror.
Ogni ogetti ch' altrui piace
Per me lieto piu non è;
Ho' perduto la mia pace,
Son' io stesso in odio a me.

CHORUS.

Marcello & Giretorex.

Great is JEHOVAH, and highly to be praised.

TRIO. Mr. W. KNYVETTT, Mr. HARRISON, Mr. BARTLEMAN,
and CHORUS.

And with Songs I will celebrate the Name of JEHOVAH the Most High.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

CONCERTO VIOLONCELLO, Mr. GRIESBACH. (MS.) *Braun.*

SCENA, Mrs. HARRISON.

Cimarosa.

RECIT. accomp.

NUMI, qual duolo qual gelo,
Mi ricerca le vene,
Staccandomi la lei.
Misero . . . Oh qual fier tumulto d' affetti,
Mi circondano il sen
Come in un punto, gloria, dovere, amore,
Strazian d' un Padro,
E di un Romano, il core.

ARIA.

Prendi l'estremo addio
Vanne a morir costante
E in sì fatale istante,
Pensa che sei mia figlia:
Ne avrai di morte orror.
Che smania, oh Dio! che affanno!
Che barbaro tormento,
Ah nel lasciarlo io sento
Sento che lascio il cor.

AFRICAN SONG.—AIR by Ferrari;

Harmonized for Six Voices, by Mr. GREATORREX.

[The Words by her Grace the Duchess of Devonshire, from an incident in Park's Travels.]

Mrs. HARRISON, Master ELLIOTT; Messrs. GORE, HARRISON,
BARTLEMAN, and SALE.

The loud wind roar'd, the rain fell fast;
The white man yielded to the blast;
He came and sat beneath our tree;
For weary, sad, and faint was he;
And ah! no wife or mother's care,
For him the milk or corn prepare.

CHORUS.

The white man shall our pity share,
Alas! no wife or mother's care,
The milk or corn for him prepare.
The storm is o'er, the tempest's past,
And Mercy's voice has hush'd the blast,
The wind is heard in whispers low,
The white man far away must go,
But ever in his heart will bear,
Remembrance of the Negro's care.

CHORUS.

Go white man go, but with thee bear
The Negro's wish, the Negro's pray'r,
Remembrance of the Negro's care.

RECITATIVE and SONG. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (M. S.) *Calcott.*

RECIT. accomp.

These, as they change, Almighty Father! these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love:
Then comes thy glory in the summer months,
With light and heat refulgent,
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks!
Thy bounty shines in autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.

AIR.

In winter, awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown; tempest o'er tempest roll'd—
Majestic darkness—on the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime, Thou bidd'st the world adore,
And humblest Nature with thy northern blast.

FOURTH CONCERTO (from his Trios.) *Martini,*

GLEE (from Ossian) for Five Voices, accompanied on the Harp and Piano Forte,
by Miss CANTELO and Mr. GREATOREX. *Stevens.*

Mrs. HARRISON, Master ELLIOTT;
Messrs. HARRISON, GORE, and BARTLEMAN.

O strike the harp in praise of my love,
The lonely sun-beam of Dunscath;
Strike the harp in praise of Bragela,
She that I left in the Isle of Mist,
The spouse of Semo's son:
Lovely with her flowing hair
Is the white-bosom'd daughter of Sorglan.
Strike the harp in praise of Bragela.

SCENA, Madame BANTI, (from Semiramide.) *Guglielmi.*
Violino Obligato, Mr. CRAMER.

RECIT.

Grazie vi rendo, pietosa Numi!
Alfin v'intesi,
Alfine so qual vittima chiede l'estinto sposo.
Azema, no ci perdiam,
Protrebbe prevenirci l'indegno.
Misera! a quanti affanni serbata io sono!
E quando con mi vi placherete, astri tiranni!

ARIA.

A compir gia vo' l'impresa,
Non temer, ti rasserena.
Senza affanno, in quella pena
Non ti posso, oh Dio! lasciar.
Non ascolto in tal momento,
Che il mio zelo, e l'onor mio,
Sol con questi ognor desio
I miei passi regular.

SONG, with New Accompaniments, by Mr. GREATOREX. *Dr. Arne.*

AIR, Mr. HARRISON, and CHORUS.

When Britain first, at Heav'n's command,
Arose from out the azure main;
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian Angels sung this strain:
Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the Waves,
Britons never will be slaves.

DUET, Mrs. HARRISON and Mr. BARTLEMAN, and CHORUS.

The nations not so bless'd as thee,
Must in their turns to tyrants fall;
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

FULL CHORUS.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke:
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

TRIO, Mr. HARRISON, Mr. LEETE, and Mr. SALE, and CHORUS.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down,
Will but arouse thy gen'rous flame,
To work their woe and thy renown.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

TRIO, Miss TENNANT, Master ELLIOTT, Mr. GORE, and CHORUS.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main
And ev'ry shore it circles thine.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

SESTETTO and CHORUS.

The muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coasts repair;
Bless'd Isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

END OF THE CONCERT.



